MARCH

You are pre-
cious to me,
I wish I can be
kinder to you

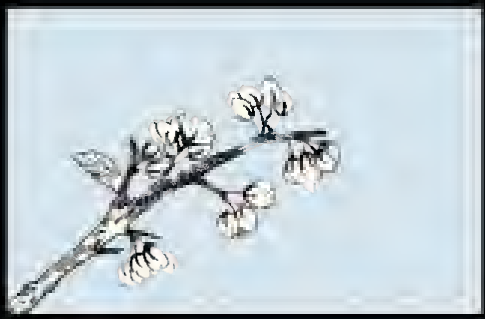
You are very special
and precious friend to me

Nezumi?

Unlike you.
I can't say or do what's on my mind.
It's nothing
I see

All those words that I can't say,
Will disperse and disappear in the evening sky,
Like the air that I breathe

Baby, blossom...



Go ahead and bloom, baby...

LOOK, THEY ARE BLOOMING.